King. Art thou indeed?
Tir. Proue me my gracious ſoueraigne,
King. Darſt thou reſolue to kill a friend of mine?
Tir. I my Lord, but I had rather kill two deepe enemies.
King. Why there thou haſt it two deepe enemies,
Foes to my reſt, and my ſweet ſleepes diſturbs,
Are they that I would haue thee deale vpon:
Tirrel, I meane thoſe baſtards in the tower.
Tir. Let me haue open meanes to come to them,
And ſoone ile rid you from the feare of them.
Kin. Thou ſingſt ſweet muſicke. Come hither *Tirrell*,
Go by that token, riſe and lend thine eare, *He whiſpers in his eare.*
Tis no more but ſo, ſay is it done,
And I will loue thee and prefer thee too.
Tir. Tis done my gracious lord.
King. Shall we heare from thee *Tirrel*, ere we ſleep? *Ex. Buc.*
Tir. Ye ſhall my Lord.
Buc. My lord, I haue conſidered in my mind,
The late demaund that you did ſound me in.
King. Well, let that paſſe, Dorſet is fled to Richmond.
Buc. I heare that newes my lord.
King. *Stanley* he is your wiues ſonnes. Well looke to it.
Buc. My lord, I claime your gift, my due by promiſe,
For which your honor and your faith is pawnd,
The Earledome of Herford and the moueables,
The which your promiſed I ſhould poſſeſſe.
King. *Stanley* looke to your wife, if ſhe conuey
Letters to Richmond you ſhall anſwere it.
Buc. What ſaies your highneſſe to my iuſt demand?
King. As I remember, Henrie the ſixt
Did prophecie that Richmond ſhould be king,
When Richmond was a little peeuiſh boy,
A king perhaps, perhaps. *Buck.* My lord.
King. How chance the prophet could not at that time,
Haue told me, I being by, that I ſhould kill him.
Buck. My lord, your promiſe for the Earledome.
Kin. Richmond, when laſt I was at Exeter,
The Maior in curteſie ſhewed me the Caſtle,

And

And called it Rouge-mount, at w
Becauſe a Bard of Ireland tolde
I ſhould not liue long after I ſa
Buc. My lord.
King. I, whats a clocke?
Buc. I am thus bold to put yo
Of what you promiſd me.
King. Well, but whats a clocke
Buc. Vpon the ſtroke of ten.
King. Well, let it ſtrike.
Buc. Why let it ſtrike?
King. Becauſe that like a Iacke
Betwixt thy begging and my me
I am not in the giuing vaine to d
Buc. Why then reſolue me wh
Ki. Tut, tut, thou troubleſt me
Buck. Is it euen ſo, rewards he
With ſuch deepe contempt, mad
O let me thinke on Haſtings, an
To Brecnock while my feareful
Enter Sir Francis Ti
Tir. The tyrannous and blou
The moſt arch-act of pitteous m
That euer yet this land was guilt
Dighton and Forreſt whom I di
To do this ruthleſſe peece of bu
Although they were fleſht villai
Melting with tenderneſſe and ki
Wept like two children in their
Lo thus quoth Dighton laie tho
Thus thus quoth Forreſt girdlin
Within their innocent alablaſte
Their lips foure red Roſes on a ſ
Which in their ſummer beautie
A booke of praiers on their pillo
Which once quoth Forreſt almo
But ô the diuel; their the villain
Whileſt Dighton thus told on w

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